

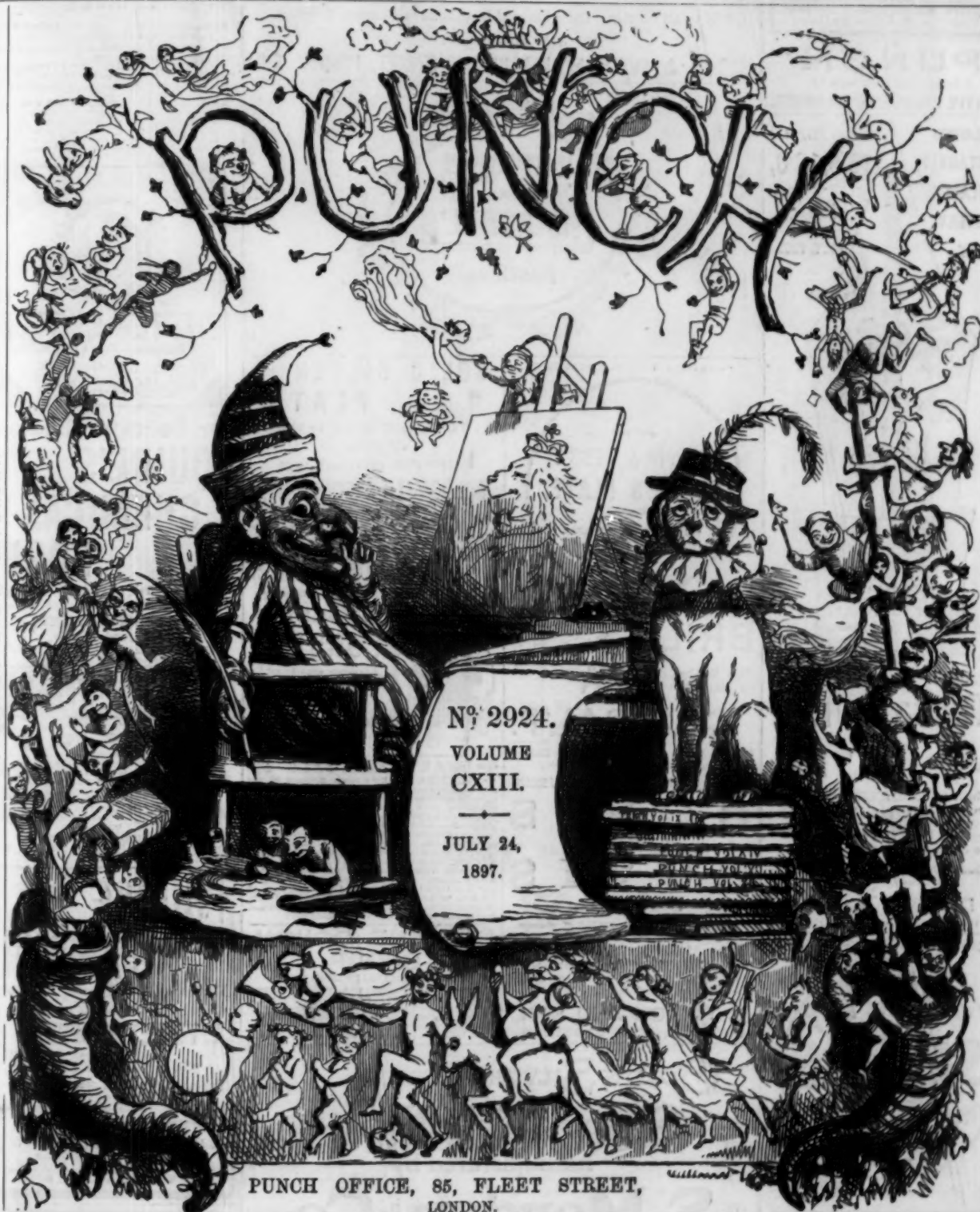
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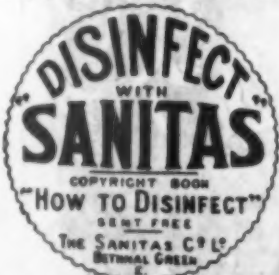
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*In the Row. Early Morning.*

*Policeman (to Lord Rupert, who prides himself on his horsey get-up). "NOW THEN, YOUNG MAN, ALL GROOMS OUTSIDE BY SEVEN O'CLOCK!"*

#### "PAS DE CHARGE" À CANTERBURY.

LAST week the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, having caved in before the guns of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, fearing a like fate, summoned to their aid "Lieutenant-Colonel S. NEWTON DICKINSON, High Seneschal of Canterbury Cathedral"—(splendid title, but majority of folks never heard of him before, which shows the blissfulness of majority's ignorance)—who forthwith attacked the "Pious Pilgrim" for having written to the *Times*, narrating how he (the P. P. and friends) had refused to pay an attendant, "as vergers clad," half-a-crown for a private view of some part of the Cathedral. Pious Pilgrim withstood the charge. Gallant Colonel DICKINSON, of the Church Militant, returned to the charge (of half-a-crown extra, the usual fee for a party being sixpence a head), and bore down on the Pious Pilgrim. For ourselves, we would, judicially and judiciously, suggest that there should be a few special vergers in attendance to take care of those wishing for a quiet time in the Cathedral apart from the wearied and wearying parrot guide and the crowding tourists that usually accompany him, and that these guardian angels should be empowered to charge extra for the special privilege. But why cannot the humble Canterbury Pilgrim be allowed to wander about the Cathedral just where he likes, fancy free, all day, if he be so minded, without his reveries being disturbed by vergers, guides, Deans, and Chapters-out-of-guide-books? The "Pious Pilgrim" will take precious good care to isolate himself from the crowd; and if the Pious Pilgrim puts in his pious pence, why should not the entire Cathedral be open to him, crypt and all? Try the penny-in-the-slot principle. Put a penny in and "Open, Sesame!" Of course, place a detective vergers or two to walk about and watch, lest Pious Pilgrim pick pieces with pocket penknife, in which case Pious P. could be handed over to Canterbury Constable, or—let Lieutenant-Colonel NEWTON DICKINSON, High Seneschal, at his full height, be sent for, and let the Ready Representative of the Church Militant take prisoner the Impudent Iconoclast, and confine him in the deepest dungeon of the castle moat, wherever that may be.

#### "TATE MONTÉ!"

THE National Gallery of British Art is opened! It is to be found on the Embankment, easily get-at-able when you know the route. A pleasant trip to it from either East or West in summer-time would be by steamer if there were only a pier or landing-stage immediately opposite the Tate Palace of Art. Had HENRY TATE not been *entêté* on the subject, even this site might not have been obtained. To-day it is to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. HENRY TATE must be a proud man this day, and restraining his emotion by saying, with his hand on his heart, "*Tate toi mon cœur!*"

#### A NAVAL HERO'S VICTORY.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD—"CHARLEY is our darling"—induced H.R.H. the Prince of WALES to impress on the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's the falsity of the step they were contemplating in their design of removing the BRUGES memorial from its place in St. Paul's to make room for a bust of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A. So the Dean and Chapter, unable to withstand this broadside, have decided, in a truly nautical Beresfordian fashion, to keep Admiral BRUGES aboard, and to "let go the painter." Simple folk used to think that Bruges was in Belgium. Now they know that BRUGES is in London, at St. Paul's.

#### "De Deux Shows."

It is said that DALY's and the Gaiety skimmed the cream of the Jubilee visitors, and, in a general way, took the cake for their entertainments. The little *Geisha*, *The Light o' Love of Asia*, is still as seducious as ever, while, in spite of the hot weather, crowded houses at the Gaiety are convulsed by the wonderful low-comedian face and genuinely humorous acting of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as *Biggs*. The whole wrestling incident is immense; and as for his face, it is the chief feature of the piece. Motto for Gaiety programme at present,—"Peine forte et dure."



CLEARED!

Custom House Officer Jackson. "ANYTHING TO DECLARE!"

Joe Ch-mb-ri-n (frankly). "NOTHING WHATEVER!"

## HOW THE MATCH CAME OFF.

A HARMONY ON WHEELS.

*(Miss Angelica has challenged Mr. Wotherspoon to a race on the Queen's highway.)*

Fytte 1.

Mr. W. Fine start!  
(Faint heart!)Miss A. Horrid hill!  
(Feeling ill!)

Fytte 2.

Mr. W. Going strong!  
Come along!

Fytte 3.

Miss A. Road quite even!  
Perfect heaven!

Fytte 4.

Mr. W. Goal in view!  
Running true!Miss A. Make it faster!  
Spur your caster!

Fytte 5.

Mr. W. Fairly done!  
Miss A. Match is won!*[They dismount. Pause.]*Mr. W. What! Confess!  
Miss A. Well then—yes!

## ETON V. HARROW.

It seems to me inexpressibly sad that these two Schools should still be pitted one against the other. The same thing happened last year, and, I believe, the year before. But in the name of common sense, speaking as a rate-payer, what is all the trouble about? What grievance has Harrow against Eton, or, if it comes to that, Eton against Harrow? Surely it would be a graceful act in this year of—the word begins with a J—if these Schools could shake hands and bury the cricket-bat. Besides, it might take root and become a wooden wall.

As one HAROLD, some time the local king, remarked, with so much truth, "The playing fields of Eton were lost at the Battle of Hastings." Of course the match at Lord's may be a great moral influence. That is the stage name of anything that seems to serve no useful purpose. But what does it decide? Nothing. If Eton beats Harrow, the Etonians do not take that Hill. If Harrow beats Eton, no wet Bobs are sent into captivity. Then the question arises, "Why do it?" It is splendid, but is it sense? And the taxpayer? Half-a-crown is surely a great deal of money to pay for the privilege of walking about, bedecorated as for a belated cattle show.

Possibly, when the other Lords are abolished, this one will go, too. And it is high time, for yesterday I witnessed a disgraceful scene. A bright young lad strolled aimlessly, and quite inoffensively, out of the pavilion to potter about at the wicket. It seemed silly, but anyhow, he took his pleasure that way. Suddenly a stupendous stripling, apparently a complete stranger, seized a solid sphere, and without a word of warning hurled it at the bright young mind. Brave little fellow! Armed only with a cricket-bat, possibly a present from his mother, he tried to defend himself, but was severely struck on the off hind leg. And the crowd,



## LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES.

CYCLIST (AFTER A NAUGHTY SPILL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL) CATCHES SIGHT OF THE TAVERN SIGN-POST.

Englishmen, cheered! The poor wounded lad immediately ran for his assailant. One expected a general fracas. But no. The young student was as good as he was brave. When within a foot of his tormentor, he decided to forgive him, and ran back again, evidently mistrusting the stability of his forgiveness. Who says that little WILLIE is dead? But if this is cricket, give me spellicans!

However, the remedy is simple. Let these lads settle their differences by arbitration. I would suggest that a committee be appointed consisting, say, of myself, with power to add to my number, and a couple of casting votes.

I have absolutely no prejudice in favour of either Kindergarten, having been educated at one of our leading night-schools,

and the Old Bailey Mess. But should my knowledge of cricket be deemed an obstacle, there is always the judge who gained the record reputation for ignorance by asking, "What is an idiot?" and "Where is London?"

Anyhow, and at all costs, let us remove an institution which is a disgrace to this so-called Nineteenth Century.

## The Behring Sea Seal Difficulty.

MR. SHEERMAN'S manners (or rather, the want of them) are peculiar. With the poet we exclaim, "Tantène animis scal-estibus iræ!"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BUOYS.—Put them over our Wrecks.





### A SUITABLE PROFESSION.

Rector's Daughter. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO DO WITH YOUR SON JAMES, MRS. BLOBB?"

Mrs. Blobb. "WELL, MISS, HE'S GOING TO WORK FOR MR. LIGHT, THE BUTCHER, WHICH IS FORTUNATE, FOR JAMES BE DESPERATE FOND OF ANIMALS!"

### OPERATIC NOTES.

Inez Mendo.—How is the new Opera liked? "Some men do, some men don't," as an old refrain has it; but the consensus of opinion seemed, at the *première*, when our Representative Riter was present, to be decidedly favourable, and the feeling of the house friendly towards the composer, Mr. D'ERLANGER, who, as a well-informed critic on a daily paper confided to his readers, is "a gentleman well known in financial circles"—though how this directly concerns his capability as a musical composer is not by any means evident. Perhaps some sly allusion to "notes" was intended, and, equally, perhaps it wasn't. However, be this as it may, famous will be the successful financier who can write a successful Opera, and Beatified the Banker who can compose a beautiful ballet! A tuneful *Timon* or a musical *Mæcenas*, how welcome! This prefatal. Inez Mendo, by Mr. D'ERLANGER—longer-loo, has made a decided hit. Madame SAVILLE, as the Spanish heroine ("Sweet Saville!"), is charming, both as to her acting and singing; while, as to Miss MARGARET REID, the composer is fortunate in finding such a REID, not a broken Reid on which to trust his weight, but a tuneful REID whereon to pipe his tunes, especially that one in the first act where she replies to the singing, "heard off." The first two lines, in English, of the village chorus are,—

"Away, you joyous lads and lasses,  
To the house of Inigo,"

which may perhaps be a misprint for

"To the house,—and in we go!"

But whatever the words may be, the music and the singing left nothing to be desired,—except to have some "more where that came from." Signor ALVAREZ was in good voice, and uncommonly well as *Salvador de Mendoza*. Mlle. VIGNE and the *utile-duci*

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER were "two village girls,"—lucky the village that could be full of such clever maidens! M. RENAUD impressive as the headman *Juan Mendo*, showing how finely he could execute his musical task. The finish of the Opera is a sort of go-as-you-please affair, since the tender-hearted librettist makes *Mendo*, on one side of the last page, commit suicide, while on the other side *Mendo* only injures himself so slightly with the dangerous weapon that the Rev. Mr. Pintado, "Vicar of Monclar" (played by Mr. GILBERT), being something of a surgeon as well as a clergyman, is able to pronounce an opinion gratis to the effect that "His hurt may yet be healed," that is, that he is already "on the mend O!" and goes on to explain how Inez "in clinging to his arm, diverted the keen poignard." So not only did Inez "divert" a poignard, but she also delighted an anxious audience. Personally, we prefer the happy finish; but the purchaser of the book, having paid his money, can take his choice.

Tuesday.—A splendid performance of our superb old friend (with several new faces) *The Don*. In the bill it is *Don Juan*, kindly translated for us in a bracket as "*Don Giovanni*." How ignorant Mr. MAURICE GRAU, manager, must think the general public! *The Don* sung in French too! Why, some of us scarcely recognised the most familiar airs when the titles are given *à la Française*. Scenery, in working, a trifle uncertain, not knowing perhaps whether it was French or Italian. Clavecin in the orchestra tinkled accompaniments to recitative.

Tinkle, tinkle, little clavecin,  
To your notes so many have sang.

Lots of "tin" in the tinkle of these clavecingular accompaniments. MOZART wrote for it; that's sufficient. Write for a clavecin, and see that you get it. Here it is; MOZART wrote for it, and now he has got it, at Covent Garden. Monsieur MANCINELLI—not "Signor," when conducting in French—had quite an easy time of it: not his own time, of course, but MOZART's. M. FUGERE's *Leporello* vastly amusing, as also was M. GILBERT's *Mazetto*. M. RENAUD excellent as *The Don*, difficult as it is to come after MAUREL. Mademoiselle MACINTYRE in capital voice for *Elvira*, and Madame ADINY, unoppressed by her Aubrey-Beardsley hat, distinguished herself as *Donna Anna*. M. JOURNET, a *journée tranquille* as the statue of the *Commandatore*, grand, as representing the statue and the base. ZELIE DE LUSAN delightful as the village coquette *Zerlina*, and, altogether, as perfect a performance of *The Don* as the most exacting Operagoer could demand. 'Tis announced again for Monday next ere these musical notes appear.

### LAWN LORDS AT WINDSOR.

A SPECIAL Correspondent, giving his account of how Her MAJESTY's gracious invitation to the Castle was loyally accepted by all the Colonial and American-Anglican Bishops now in England, who, like the little mouse in the old nursery adage, are thus enabled to sing, "We've been to Windsor to see the QUEEN," recounted how, during the service in St. George's Chapel, "the gorgeous colour of the great east window, and the lovely alabaster reredos made up for the absence of episcopal vestments, and, &c., &c." How stained glass and an "alabaster reredos" could possibly be excellent substitutes for episcopal vestments is perhaps a trifle difficult to laic comprehension. But on such an occasion, far be it from the mind of even the most ordinary mortal to expect a mere prosaic narrative. It was a great day for shovel-hats, aprons (not Masonic, but episcopalian) and gaiters; smiling faces everywhere. Only three Bishops looked black: but this was their colour, a colour indyed by nature, and which they, as *Justice Shallow* observed to *Sir John Falstaff* (Knight of Windsor), "will die in." Having regard to the episcopalian costume, and remembering PHIZ's illustrations to the immortal Dickensian work, we cannot but exclaim, "What a really typical bishop Mr. *Pickwick* would have made!" Fancy *The Right Reverend Dr. Pickwick*, Bishop of Eatonswill, attended by his apparitor, *Rev. Samuel Weller*!! Only one omission. The distinguished nobleman who ought to have received the ecclesiastical Lawn Lords should have been the Marquis of LORNE, who is not mentioned as having been present. It is to be hoped his lordship was enjoying himself in good company elsewhere, and that he was not complaining, like Mrs. Gummidge, of being "Lone and Lorn."

QUITE APPROPRIATE.—Where in St. Paul's ought the statue of a great naval hero to be placed? Why, in any "bay" that happens to be vacant.

AT BISLEY LAST WEEK.—Ninety-five degrees in the shade. Too hot to be Bisley engaged in anything.

## ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

SCENE—A London Cricket Match. A "Jesop" of the hour "on the slog." A scientific young cricketer and an enthusiastic old spectator exchange views.

HAY? Wot am I a howling at? Well, if yer want ter know, Becom I am enjying of myself!  
You're a young cricketer, I s'pose; may be yer veins run snow,  
And I—well, I'm a "crook," upon tae shelf.  
But to see that young bloke batting warms me up, mate, and no kid.

Brayvo!!! I know'd he'd bust that bloomin' roof.  
Ought never to 'ave touched it? Well, but there, yer see, 'e did!  
And long-field rubs his poll as if in proof.

Most unskientific cricket? Shouldn't wonder if you're right,  
But, by jinks, the bright-eyed youngster makes 'em go.  
They mayn't go where they ought to, but they go nigh out o' sight.

And they can't field in the skies, mate, don'tcher know.  
He'll hit up a ketch directly? Smuggo'll nail him, sure as fate?—  
O well, so much the luckier, then, for Smuggo.  
But you'll own that up to now he is top-scorer, seventy-eight,  
And I 'ope he'll pile his cent'ry, though a mug.  
Look at that! "Ought to ha' drove it, and he mowed it round to leg?"

Lor! Isn't there no law against sech crimes?  
Look at W. G. a-grinning. Ought to take Bat down a peg,  
But 'e doem't, though it's 'appened several times.  
Wot's that! Eighteen in one kover? Ah! yer see that swells the score!

And most captains 'ave a weakness for such play.  
Yus! To make his level hundred 'e wants only one more four.  
And, by Jingo, 'ere it comes! Hi! clear the way!  
And let young Hundred-Tonner's swipe go whack for all it's worth!  
Hooray! he's done it! Scissors! don't they howl!  
This here's as good as most things they git up on this old earth.  
A shout is better bismess than a growl.  
Why, you're howling—like a hoysterman! You 'umbug! 'Ave a drink!

That is, when you 'ave fairly done your shout!  
I 'ope he'll make a million 'ere he goes to the Pavilion,  
And by Jingo, I am game to sit it out!

## A SURPRISE!

TIME—Breakfast time, Saturday, July 17. SCENE—The Laureate's Bower. Harp and Laurel-crown suspended. Tea and toast on table.

Alfredo Austino (starting, as he opens his "Times," and first catches sight of RUDYARD KIPPLING's poem, and then reads conclusion of leading article, where R. K.'s verses are extolled for their "simple grandeur"). "'Recessional,' indeed! This is rather too progressional! (Laying down the newspaper, and appealing to the world generally.) Hang it! Am I the Laureate, or am I not?"  
[Meditates over cup of tea, and wishes he had thought of "Recessional."]

## H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

(With three times three for Sir Gordon Spring and the Cape Parliament.)

WHERE fierce Atlantic's restless breast  
Is bosomed wide from East to West,  
Where Pacific of the South meets her Sister of the North,  
By myriad isles of ardent glow,  
By continents of constant snow,  
Wherever lurks a common foe,  
Ship of Good Hope, go forth!

Go forth! with rounds of ringing cheers,  
First of the Empire's volunteers,  
When the enemies of Britain with her children try to cope.  
Then show them that we may not be  
Coerced while we possess the Sea,  
The Heritage that makes us free.  
Go forth, well-named Good Hope!

THE SULTAN says that Nine Powers are allied against him:  
Five sovereigns plus FAUR.

HENLEY.—Heat plus heats. Scorching. Pretty to see GUY  
NICKALLS "stroking Leander." Leander seemed pleased.



Father Thames (coming up for the opening of the National Gallery of British Art by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales). "BRAVO, TATE! NOW, IF ONLY THE PUBLIC CAN FIND THEIR WAY HERE, THERE'LL BE QUITE A RUN ON MY MILLBANK!"

## A SUGGESTED TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to submit to your notice a change of scene likely to be appreciated by all Londoners and their country cousins, in view of the electric lighting about to be re-established on the Thames Embankment.

Now, as it is.—Darkness made visible. Disreputable characters. Thieves, and possibly assassins. Loafers and prowlers. Pretty gardens wasted. The shade of beautiful trees neglected. Thirsty folk and no refreshments. One hand.

In future, as it might be.—Bands playing. Marionette and Punch and Judy Shows. Out-door cafés. Plenty of chairs and little tables. A recreation ground for children. Everything bright and cheerful under the beam of Electra.

In some matters they certainly do manage things better in France. Why should our fine Boulevard be wasted? Why should the L.C.C. neglect a source of revenue from grub contractors?  
Yours obediently, A. BUTTERFLY.

Temple, E.C.

ECLIPSING HIMSELF!—"Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" as JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER pathetically inquired of the gushing lady who had said there were only two great artists, namely, the painter she was addressing and VELASQUEZ. Lord ROSEBERRY, however, was determined to "drag in Velasquez" for the Eclipse Stakes last Friday at Sandown, which H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's popular Persimmon won by a couple of lengths, Velasquez being second. Persimmon has now won seven events, so at present it is, with him, a case of "seven to one" on him.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE ON THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE REPORT.—Drop it.



*Ethel (reading from book of familiar sayings). "A MAN AT FORTY IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN." THAT'S RATHER FUNNY, KATE. DADDY IS MORE THAN FORTY, AND HE'S CERTAINLY NOT A PHYSICIAN!"*

### THE POLITE POST-BAG.

July 13.—Much struck by article in morning paper regretting hurried and unpolished style of modern correspondence. This, it seems, was one of the things which were managed far better in the past, "when," I read, "there was a delightful spirit in private letters, a stately formality in those concerning matters of business." Why should I not contribute towards wished-for improvement? Yes, I will.

#### I.—TO MY BOOTMAKER.

"To Messrs. TAG AND LACE, makers of boots, shoes, and slippers, Greeting. We by these presents do make known unto you that we require for our own personal use and adornment one pair of Boots, to be made, executed, and fashioned in the same manner as those formerly constructed at our command. And you are to take notice that the aforesaid boots are to be forwarded within fourteen days from this date, under pain of incurring our displeasure. Given under our hand this thirteenth of July, at our abode, No. 52, The Shrubberies, Putney.

(Signed) THOMAS JONES."

That ought to impress them, I think. Now for my tailor, who asks for the "settlement of his little account."

#### II.—TO THOMAS SNIPS, TAILOR.

"How now, saucy varlet! Dost think to affright me with thy foolish threats? Beshrew thee, right sore shall thy pate be if thou thus addressest me again. 'Small account,' forsooth! O, SNIPS, SNIPS, the love of money hath gotten hold of thee; it indeed is thy craving for this world's dross, nor will I aid thee in satisfying it. Out upon thee for a scurvy rascal!"

Feel quite sure that SNIPS has never had a letter like that in all his life, and the effect upon him will be tremendous. Next comes an invitation to dinner. Yes, the modern way of answering invitations is deplorably bald. How much nobler is the Queen Anne style, which I shall henceforward adopt for letters of this kind!

#### III.—TO MRS. SNUPHKINS, QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON.

Madam,—Of all the delights which we poor mortals are permitted to enjoy, not least, the philosophers tell us, is the pleasure of anticipation. And that delight, O incomparably fairest of

your sex, you have granted to me, the humblest of your devoted servants. How long will the days seem, how slowly will the hours pass until, at 8 P.M., on the 24th, I can obey your commands, I can hasten into your presence, I can bask in the divine sunshine of your smiles! Until which time, Madam, I would have you to know that I am, and shall continue to be for ever, your most devoted servant and admirer,

THOMAS JONES."

Yes, what an improvement is that upon "Mr. JONES has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. SNUPHKINS' kind invitation for the 24th inst.!" Only one more letter this morning—to my old Aunt TABITHA. This is clearly a case for that "delightful ease and familiarity," which, the article tells me, ought to be manifest in one's letters to relatives and friends.

#### IV.—TO MY AUNT TABITHA.

"Well, old TABBY, how are you? Pretty fit, I hope? Have you got a new wig yet, by the way? That last one of yours was a fair terror—wouldn't deceive a cow. How are the missionary meetings getting on? I suppose you get a good commission on the tracts, don't you? Let me hear from you before Goodwood, and I'll put you up to one or two real good things, in which you can invest the takings of your collecting-boxes. You want me to stay with you again at Puddleton, but you don't catch me at that game twice. I remember my last visit far too well to let myself in for another of the same sort. Well, so long, old girl. Keep your pecker up.

Yours ever, THOMAS."

Plenty of "esprit and playful badinage" there, I think. Yes, the article is quite right—letters of this kind are a great improvement on the modern sort, with "their curt sentences, their unpolished style, their hurried manner." I shall await the replies with much interest.

P.S.—Two days later.—After all, I'm afraid I can't recommend my friends to follow my example. My bootmakers "must decline to take my order," and my tailor is about to take legal proceedings against me. Major SNUPHKINS proposes to call upon me with a horsewhip, alleging that I have grossly insulted his wife, and Aunt TABITHA has promptly cut me out of her will! Alas, why did I read that fatal article? Clearly the age is not ripe for reform!

THE UNIVERSAL MOTTO AT HENLEY.—Open house-boat.





“IT’S AN ILL WIND—”

FOREIGN ARTISANS (*together, aside*). “GREAT ‘LOOK-OUT’ IN ENGLAND! AHA! SO MUCH THE BETTER FOR ME!”





## ANCIENT HISTORY.

*The Frumps (who rather fancy themselves in this style). "It's called the EARLY VICTORIAN BONNET."*  
*Guileless Youth (under the impression that he is paying a graceful compliment). "OH YES. I SUPPOSE YOU WORE THEM WHEN YOU WERE QUITE GIRLS!"*

## THE "SCHARIWAR" CYCLING COSTUME.

[It is said that the Russian authorities have sent a commission over to England to study the subject of ladies' cycling dress, and that they have approved of a design known as the "Schariwar," the price of which is to be fixed at from 14 to 18 roubles.]

NADYKHA NIKOLAYEVNA, we met  
 Last year (perhaps you have by now forgotten!)

Not far from Moscow—I cannot forget  
 Your costume, as you rode your bicyclette—  
 High boots, a sort of kilt, and blouse of cotton.

Whom should I meet again the other day  
 But you, in Paris, on your airy *vélo*,  
 Along the Avenue La Grande Armée;  
 This time you had a jersey *décolleté*,  
 A flat straw hat, with pants and gaiters yellow!

They say the Muscovite police are shocked  
 At such un-Russian feminine vagaries;  
 Their fiat is that English modes be stocked,  
 Henceforth, and every cyclewoman frocked  
 In modest, unassuming "Charivaris."

This latter word one's soul with wonder fills—

Excuse me if the question over-rude is!  
 Is it that you may coast the Sparrow Hills,  
 Or thread the Kremlin with no fear of spills  
 In costume that resembles Punch and Judy's?

With prices fixed you're shamefully coerced  
 By dull officialdom that ever meddles;



Still, NADYA, may you yet ride many a verst,  
 However drest! May his tyre promptly burst

Who would forbid you use your dainty pedals!

## COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

THE "disguised minstrel," believed by the public to be a peer of the realm collecting coin for a charity, but who is in reality the sentimental singer from a perambulating troop of nigger banjoists, "working on his own."

The preacher whose appreciation of the value of logic and the aspirate is on a par.

The intensely military young man whose occupation during eleven months in the year is the keeping of ledgers in a small city office.

The artist who guarantees a pleasing group of lovers for sixpence, frame included.

The band that consists of a cornet, a trombone, a clarinet, some bass, and a big drum, which is quite as effective (thanks to the trombone) when all the principals have deserted in search of coppers.

And last (and commonest of all) the cockney who, after a week's experience of the discomforts of the seaside, is weary of them, and wants to go home.

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (in so far as we learn, in concealment).—Q. What plant reminds one at the same time of Christmas festivities and a summer carouse with German students? A. The holly-hock.





SHERMAN, THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

A FANCY PORTRAIT.

## REFLECTIONS ON A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

HER REFLECTIONS. (See p. 12.)

"We parted!" Yes, I saw your verse,  
Which, though (thank heaven) so far  
true,  
Has only made me think the worse,  
If that is possible, of you.  
I think you positively base  
To tell the public how we parted,  
I think you might have had the grace  
To be a little broken-hearted!

I think, to give you answer back,  
I'd sooner wed an utter scamp  
Than any virtuous maniac,  
Whose soul is centred in—a stamp!  
I think a girl, to be your wife,  
Should be, what I am not, ambitious  
To share one lofty aim in life—  
A green or blue (surcharged) Mauri-  
tius!

I think my conscience is unpricked  
By any of your falsehoods black,  
I think you ought to be well kicked—  
And so do "Bon" and "Dick," and  
"JACK"!

I think I've put you to the rout;  
Let me return to where you started—  
"We parted—cheerfully." No doubt.  
To me the main point is—we parted!

## At the Hyperion Club.

(After the Jubiles.)

First Member. Going to Goodwood, old chappie?

Second Member. I'm not quite sure, but my gov'nor's trying to get me a shop as race-card seller. You see, being in the Upper House, he's got a little influence.

First Member. That's where you fellows get the pull. My dad's only a parson, and he doesn't know the Bishop of CHICHESTER!

## THE CARETAKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What do you consider your duties?

Answer. To keep in the house in which I am placed, and make myself comfortable.

Q. Is your comfort your first consideration?

A. Certainly; as that would be the wish of my employer.

Q. If you occupy an unfurnished house, and have to show over a possible tenant, what do you do?

A. I take care that the possible tenant shall know that the basement is damp, and the shape of the reception rooms awkward.

Q. Then you point out the defects?

A. Very freely; as it would never do to make a false impression.

Q. When you are in an unfurnished house, how long can you remain?

A. As long as I please, for visitors usually adopt the opinions of the resident guide.

Q. Do you take charge of furnished residences during the absence of their owners at the seaside or on the continent?

A. Of course; and then I turn the best drawing-room into my boudoir, while using the pantry as a resting-place.

Q. Can you answer the questions of callers?

A. Only by saying, "I am sure I don't know where they have gone."

Q. Can you give any further information?

A. Yes; I can say, "I don't know when any of them are coming back."

Q. But surely that might create an impression that the owners were ruined and sold up?

A. May be; but that is their business, and not mine.

Q. And do you give satisfaction to your employers?

A. I suppose so, as I am engaged by them year after year, and time after time.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gentleman of the Town gently reproves a lady with whom he has dallied, for circulating false reports with regard to himself and a damsel.

I CAN enjoy a diatribe

Without the anger boiling

That makes one hate a jeer or jibe

When there's no chance of foiling

The enemy who plumes his dart

With just enough of scandal

To pierce the hapless victim's heart—

A shaft that others handle!

The thunder in the air, may be,

Has soured your milk of kindness;

Or is it that you cannot see

From momentary blindness?

Something is wrong, or you would not,

O'erfilled with wrathful flurry,

Write letters venomous and hot—

Forgetting LINDLEY MURRAY.

I did not mean your charms to slight—

How could I? They're entrancing!

Does not your presence give delight?

Do I not love your dancing?

You trip the light fantastic toe

Like some fleet, flitting fairy;

You have the rare and mystic "go"

That makes a waltz seem airy.

Why letters so absurd inscribe

To me about Miss—you know?

No Venus could my judgment bribe;

Athena fail with Juno.

But this at least I may confess,

To stop sweet Mrs. Grundy,

I put a query; she said, "Yes";

And we'll be one on Monday!

## SARA'S LATEST SCENE.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT went to play *La Tosca* at Portsmouth. Great preparations. Mayor, with Corporation, ready to receive her. She came, she saw, and, according to the *Daily Mail*, noticing that there were many steps up to the town-hall, where the dignitaries awaited her, she refused to ascend, and instead, she, like Mr. Boz when he had made all his preparations for committing suicide, "walked off in the opposite direction"—that is, drove off, leaving Mr. Mayor *planté là*.

Our inspired poet, remembering the old chorus of "*Sally, come up*," still popular with niggers on the sands in summer-time, says:—

"SALLY, come up!" But SALLY did frown,  
Staring at Mayor in chain and gown;  
Then SALLY drove off to inn in town.

Now who can read the riddle?

Soon after this *contretemps*, Mr. MAYOR, of BERNHARDT staff, called on Mr. Mayor of Portsmouth, and explained why S. B. would not take those steps up to the town-hall, and why she took the step she did. No doubt the explanation was satisfactory.

## The Swooper at Bisley.

Friend (to Private BUTTS of the *Mumbleton Fallbacks*). Are you going in for the QUEEN'S Prize?

Private B. QUEEN'S Prize be hanged! I always enter for the *useful* competitions. Already I've won a sewing machine, three dozen of Scotch whiskey, a package of sardines in oil, a miniature organ, and box of compressed soups. And I've a very good chance of getting a case of champagne and a revolver to-morrow, old boy!



Cockney. "GOOD 'EVING! THERE'S A PHEASANT!" Country Friend. "WELL, WHAT OF IT!"  
Cockney. "WHY, IT AIN'T THE FUST OF HOOBIE!"

### IA PRIVATE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

*Question.* What is the difference between a Circumlocution Office and a Committee of Inquiry?

*Answer.* One objects to questions and the other to answers.

*Q.* How do you mean?

*A.* The one objects to "fellows who want to know, don'tcher know," the other to fellows who are ready to tell, "don'tcher see."

*Q.* Does an Inquiry Committee, then, object to inquiry—which would seem to be the reason of its existence?

*A.* Not exactly. It only objects to inquiry which is likely to elicit anything definite, or disagreeable—often the same thing.

*Q.* What, then, is the use of a Committee of Inquiry?

*A.* Well—ahem!—it might be necessary to appoint another Committee of Inquiry to—ahem!—inquire into that.

*Q.* But would it find out?

*A.* Most certainly not.

*Q.* What, then, would it do?

*A.* Issue a report—perhaps several.

*Q.* What would they contain?

*A.* Nothing—to the purpose.

*Q.* I think, perhaps, we may as well close this inquiry.

*A.* So do I! Though I could tell you a good deal more, mind you!

*Q.* Ah! yes—but—

*A.* Quite so!

[*Exeunt severally, musing gravely.*]

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, July 12.*—

Of all places in the world, House of Lords to-day narrowly escaped becoming scene of deplorable scandal. Danger skirted in connection with discussion on the question of County versus Diocesan Associations for administration of Voluntary Schools Act. WANTAGE, V.C., complains that in the county I have the honour to represent in the Commons, the Oxford Diocesan Conference have jockeyed the managers of the schools. Managers elected representatives to choose two delegates for each rural deanery in Berkshire, such delegates to be the governing body, for educational purposes, of the County Association. The Oxford Diocesan Conference, backed up by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, got at the representatives, and when the business was concluded, the school managers, who are all in favour of a County Association, found to their pious horror that their men had voted for a Diocesan Association!

What the school managers said when they heard of the success of this archiepiscopal plot probably is not translatable into Parliamentary language. Anyhow, WANTAGE, V.C., who never served with our army in Flanders, refrained from quoting it, depending for effect upon the simple narrative of Diocesan Episcopal perfidy here summarised.

Speech brought up Bishop of OXFORD, who strongly objected to having the little performance "put forward as an attempted fraud." WANTAGE, V.C., disclaimed such intention. Bishop accepted disclaimer, but, turning upon the hero of Alma and Inkerman, said in plaintive tones, "But why, my dear Lord, did you kick me downstairs?"

This sudden inquiry added infinitely to growing horror of situation. Lord SPENCER made haste to change subject by disclosing similar clerical plot in Northamptonshire. In the end, rising passion soothed by speech from Duke of DEVONSHIRE, whose yawn (it being a sultry afternoon) was so contagious that the Primate, who looked like fighting, dozed off.

SARK hopes the incident will escape the notice of the gentlemen who draw up contents-bills for evening papers. He remembers case in early history of evening journalism, where the town was startled by reading in largest type on the bill, "CHARGE OF INDECENCY AGAINST THE BISHOP OF OXFORD." It was in Dr. WILDERFORCE'S time. SARK, humbled and horrified, bought a paper. After diligent search, found in Parliamentary report that somebody (he thinks it was the Duke of ARGYLL) had in course of debate spoken of "the almost indecent warmth" of the Bishop's advocacy of some small matter. Here is a double chance for the lively contents-bill. "CHARGE OF FRAUD AGAINST THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY!" "THE BISHOP OF LONDON KICKED DOWNSTAIRS!!"

Happily, the passage escaped notice in dangerous quarters. But SARK still shivers at thought of peril passed.

*Business done.*—Commons grubbing away at Workmen's Compensation Bill.

*House of Commons, Tuesday.*—Report current that, before going into Committee on Foreign Prison-made Goods, RITCHIE bargained with HOWARD VINCENT that he was to refrain from taking part in debate. "We've risked enough," President of Board of Trade is reported to have said, "by taking up this precious idea of yours, and really can't stand you prancing round whilst I'm trying to shove the thing through."

Probably no truth in the story. Certainly the gallant Colonel refrained from speaking, that is, from delivering ordered speech. Through frequent divisions, his voice was heard like rolling drums that beat to battle where he stands. Once he cried out, "No! no!" when PARKER SMITH proposed to withdraw an amendment. In the main, he found relief for overcharged feelings in muttered commentary. Also, after the manner of the alderman at the city banquet who stimulated a jaded appetite by taking a fresh chair, the Colonel was observed at various stages of the engagement reconnoitring the enemy from divers benches.

Had the satisfaction of seeing RITCHIE, lacking his assistance, get into fearful muddle with Bill. Debate throughout disclosed curious state of irritation.



Gwyllym ap Haroerdd, the Bard.

(In training for the Eisteddfod.)

Chairman constantly on his feet calling to order. JOHN BURNS had a round with DON JOSE. HALDANE, lapsing from ordinary judicial manner, publicly expressed his regret that he was "not able to get an idea into the head of TOMLINSON." CALDWELL, proposing to supplement innumerable speeches by LOUGH,

was incontinently howled down. The WEARISOME WEIR expressed a wish that RITCHIE "would confine himself within the four walls of the prison, especially in relation to the manufacture of locks." What that meant the Committee had not the remotest idea. Supposed in some quarters that it was a guarded reference to the disease of LOUGH-jaw, from which the Committee to-night suffered in exceptional degree. Everyone grateful when the Chairman ruled the observation out of order. Seemed that at least he understood it. Towards midnight, PRINCE ARTHUR mercifully attempted to cut tangled skein by the Closure. But that did not carry Bill through Committee.

"I hope RITCHIE likes his arrangements," said HOWARD VINCENT, with a gleam of malice in his eyes. "If he'd left the Bill in my charge, I would not only have got it through Committee to-night, but would have persuaded House to read it a third time."

*Business done.*—Workmen's Compensation Bill reported.

*Thursday.*—End of session in sight. PRINCE ARTHUR made customary declaration of Ministerial intention with respect to Bills still standing on Orders. Amount of work that must be done does not promise undue prolongation of Session.

"And a very good thing, too," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "I've got a little business on hand in the autumn, and want time for study. It's the part of the Bard. You know I promised to attend the National Eisteddfod of my countrymen, to be held at Newport, Mon. When I say my countrymen, I of course speak in the Gladstonian or Homeric sense. The Plantagenets did not come from Wales. But I happen to represent Monmouthshire. In fact, I'm not at all sure whether, if I gave my mind to it, I might not, with LOULU's help (lovely Bardic name, LOULU), trace back my descent on the distaff side from TALRISEN. Not going as far back as the sixth century, pausing in the vortices of the tenth, we have HOWEL DHU. TOM ELLIS, M.A., a Welshman first and a Whip afterwards, tells me that a literal translation of that name, dear in Bardic circles, is the Black Harcourt."

"But," I ventured to remark, "you're not so black as you are sometimes painted."

"I hope not," said the SQUIRE, with a far-away look in his eyes. "I Dhu hope not. I confess I'm looking forward with some interest to my new part. Am told I didn't look bad at Devonshire House the other night in my forbear Chancellor HARCOURT's gown. But for a man of noble mien and commanding figure, there is more score in the habiliments of a Bard."

As I left the room, the SQUIRE, posing in weird majesty, murmured the music of a memorable Ode:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless PRINCE!

Boast not thy great majori-tee.

Though buoyed on Conquest's crimson wing,

My ARTHUR, soon it shall not be."

*Business done.*—Workmen's Compensation Bill read a third time.

*Friday.*—YARBURGH tells me no chance of getting Government to do anything this Session in direction of national granaries. YARBURGH agrees with R. B. MARSTON that we are hastening to a condition of starvation. The whole case forcibly, lucidly, if not convincingly, set forth by R. B. in his book, "War, Famine, and our Food Supply," just

issued from St. Dunstan's House. Not often a publisher permits himself the luxury of publishing one of his own books. R. B. M. gives himself and the public this pleasure. A terrible prospect, calculated to cloud the sunlight of Jubilee days.



The future Lord Granarica.

(Mr. Y-rb-gh.)

We are, it seems, dependent on North America and Russia for our daily bread. United States and Russia go to war with us; stop supplies; in a week stock of corn and flour in Great Britain exhausted; famine stalks through the land; supply of plump young children grows scarce; the sun of England sets.

YARBURGH, M.P., and MARSTON, publisher, want ST. MICHAEL to fork out £30,000,000 to buy corn, store it up against the day when iniquitous designs of Russia and the United States shall be accomplished. ST. MICHAEL swears by All Angels he will have nothing to do with the scheme, and on we go to our doom!

SARK says he once knew an estimable gentleman who could not sleep o' nights, apprehensive that the Gulf Stream would cease to circulate round the British Isles. In such case we should become even as Iceland. That danger still exists. Now, *pour comble de malheur*, famine stares us in the mouth, so to speak. Life seems hardly worth living.

*Business done.*—Supply in Committee.



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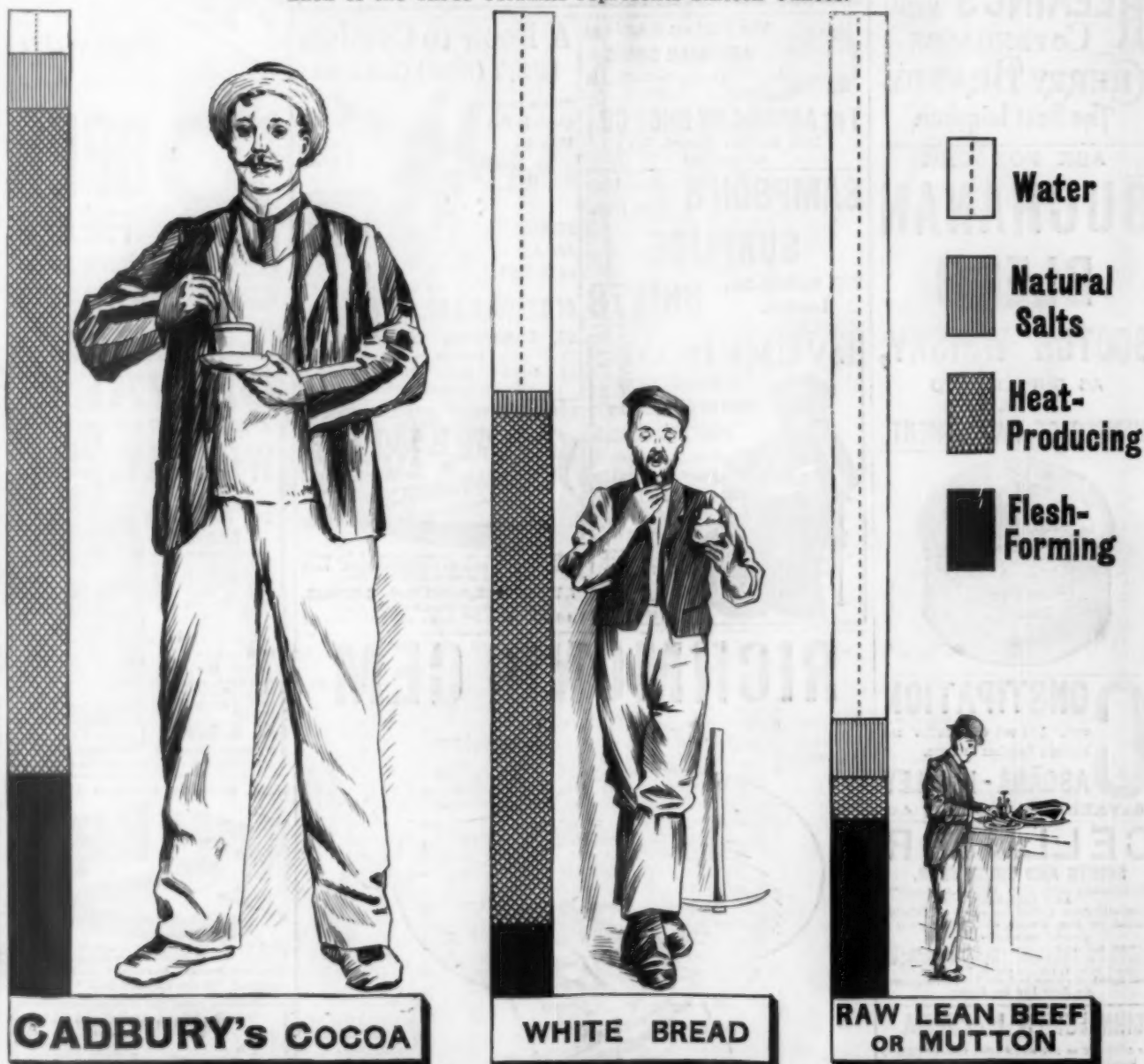
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# COMPARATIVE VALUE OF FOODS

Shown by the *HEIGHT* of the Figures below.

Each of the Three Columns represents Sixteen Ounces.



The accompanying sketch shows at a glance the remarkable pre-eminence of CADBURY'S Cocoa in point of nutritive value as compared with other important articles of daily food.

A recent careful analysis of the *THREE STANDARD FOODS* to which the illustration relates, has proved that CADBURY'S Cocoa is far and away the richest in constituents that are

**FLESH-forming**  
**FORCE-generating**  
**HEAT-producing**

**BONE-making,**  
**and**  
**BLOOD-preserving.**

It has, in addition, been shown that One-Shilling's-worth of CADBURY'S Cocoa contains as much nourishment as can be obtained for Three Shillings spent on some of the best meat extracts.

The *LANCET* refers to CADBURY'S Cocoa as representing "the standard of highest purity"; and the Editor of the *MEDICAL MAGAZINE* writes:—"CADBURY'S is without exception the favourite Cocoa of the day. We are glad to give it the highest praise."

PURE Cocoa is a perfect food, the addition of drugs and alkalies deteriorates it. The Public should be wary of mixtures, and the plausible arguments used to promote their sale.